

The OLD WITCH and the SNORES

by Ida DeLage

illustrated by Gil Miret





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DeLage, Ida

The old witch and
the snores

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Tall Tales books bring to the primary reader stories filled with boisterous action, humor, and excitement. Some are based on folklore; others are pure fantasy.

All the books have colorful illustrations that capture to perfection the gay, carefree mood of the text.

Each author has created an imaginative, easy-to-read story designed to entice the reader into the magic realm of books.



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By Ida DeLage

Illustrated by Gil Miret

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The OLD WITCH and the SNORES

One day

the old witch of the hill
was in her cave.

Outside, the wind blew
and the leaves flew.

But the old witch didn't care.

She was snug and warm
in her dark old cave.

The old witch stirred
a big pot of magic brew.

She sang a song:

“I’m the witch of this hill
and I like to be.

My brew is the best
on land or sea.

This is my cave
in the deep, dark wood,
and you’d better stay out
if you know what’s good.”

Just then a big, black bear
poked his head
into the doorway of the cave.



The bear sniffed.

He snuffed.

He said, "Grunt grunt."

He was a very tired old bear,
and he was looking
for a nice warm place
to sleep all winter.

In went the bear,
right into the witch's cave.
The old witch stopped
stirring her brew.
"Get out of here!"
shrieked the old witch.
"This is my cave!"





The witch smacked the bear
right on his nose
with her big spoon.

“Gr-r-r,” said the bear.

He shuffled over
to the corner of the cave
and he went to sleep.

“Snore-snore-snore.”

“I’ll fix him,” said the witch.

She grabbed her broom
and hit the old bear
as hard as she could.

“Get out of here,
you old bear!” she said.

“Get out of my cave!”

The bear rolled over.

“Snore-snore-snore,”

he went.

“Ee-e-EEK!” shrieked the witch.

Now she was angry.

She was so angry
she jumped up and down.

She smacked that old bear
until his fur flew.

“Get out! Get out! Get out!”
she said.

“Snore-snore-snore,”
went the bear.



“Hm-m,” said the witch.

“I know what I’ll do.

I’ll put a spell
on that old bear.

My magic brew works every time.”

So the old witch stirred her brew.



She started to chant:

“Cook and stew

Witch’s brew.

Look out, old bear

This is for you!”

Then the old witch

took some of the brew

and sprinkled it on the bear.

“Norey dorey

Snore no morey,”

chanted the old witch.

But the old bear

made such a big snore

the cave shook.



Just at that very moment
some boys came along.
They were out hunting
with their little sling shots
and their bows and arrows.
“Ooo-oo!” they said.
“Look! A cave!”



“Maybe a big bear is in there.

Let’s shoot him.

Then we’ll skin him

and make a big bear rug.”

The boys peeked into the cave.

It was dark.

They couldn’t see a thing.

“You go first,” said Tom.

“No, you go first,” said Dick.

“I’ll go first,” said Butch,

“because I’m the bravest.

Follow me, men.”

The boys went into the cave.

Creep-creep-creep.

They peered into the dark.

They blinked their eyes.

Then

“Snore!” roared the bear.

“Boo!” yelled the witch.

The boys were so scared
their hair stood up straight.

“Yikes! A bear!

Wow! A witch!”

They tumbled out of the cave.

Brave Butch was the first one out.



“Hee-hee-hee!”

cackled the old witch.

“I guess I scared those boys
out of their wits.

They’ll never come back here again.

I’m the witch of this hill
and nobody comes in my cave,
boys or bears. Huh!”

The old witch took her basket
and hopped upon her broom.

She was going out to look
for some black smoke puff balls.

“Now I will smoke that old bear
out of my cave,” she said.



The old witch flew to the woods
where the biggest
black smoke puff balls grew.
She picked a puff ball
as big as a pumpkin.
Then she flew back to her cave.

The bear was still snoring.

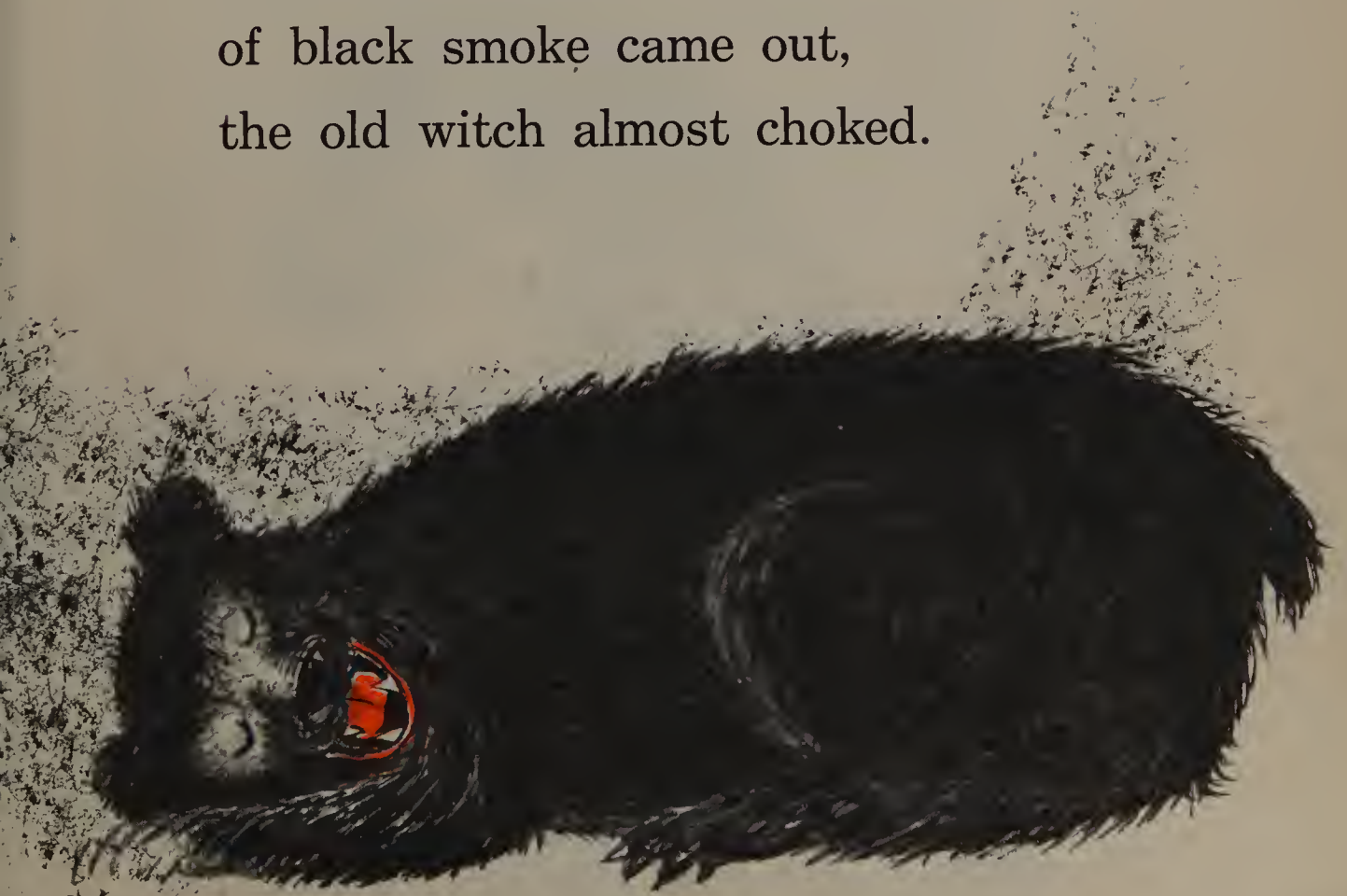
The old witch gave the puff ball
a big, big squeeze.

A cloud of black smoke puffed out
right in the old bear's nose!

The bear kept on snoring.



“Hokey pokey
Smokey smokey,”
chanted the old witch.
Then, with all her might,
she jumped up and down
on top of that big puff ball!
Such big puffs
of black smoke came out,
the old witch almost choked.





“KERCHOO!” went the bear.

He sneezed so hard
the old witch’s hat flew off
and the fire blew out!

Then

“Snore-snore-snore,”
went the bear.

“Hm-m-mm,” said the witch.

“I know what I’ll do now.

I’ll go and get

some curly grape vine.

I’ll tie up that old bear’s nose.

Then he can’t snore any more.”



So the old witch
hopped on her broom.
She flew over
to the other side of the hill.
There she picked
the curliest grape vine
that she could find.
Then she flew back to her cave.
She twisted the vine
around and around
the old bear's nose.
The old witch tied the vine
in 32 knots.
“There!” said the witch.



“Now I’ll make a new fire.
This old bear won’t snore again.
No bear can get the best of me.”

Just then the old bear
gave a big, big yawn.

“HO-HO-HUM!”

His jaws opened wide.

Snap-snap-snap

went the 32 knots.



Then

“Snore-snore-snore,”

went the bear.

“Hmm,” said the witch.

“There’s only one thing
left to do.”

The old witch put into her basket
a little of this,
and a bit of that.

Then she hopped on her broom
and flew to the crooked
old oak tree.

Under its shady gloom
she picked 102 toadstools.



Then away she flew
over the hill,
past a valley,
around three mountains.
There,
on top of the highest mountain
was a big, big castle.

From inside the castle
came such a loud rumble,
the top of the mountain shook.
The old witch banged
on the castle door
with the handle of her broom.





“Open this door
and it better be soon,
or I’ll bang it in
with my witchy broom!”
shouted the old witch.
From inside the castle
came another big rumble.
Just then the old witch saw
an open window.
So she flew right in.
Sound asleep on his couch
was a great big giant.
His mouth was wide open
and he was snoring like thunder.

“Huh! Snores again!”

said the witch.

She took a toadstool

from her basket

and dropped it right into

the giant's open mouth.

“Gulp,” went the giant.



The giant opened one eye.

He saw the witch.

“Ho ho!” roared the giant.

“So it’s you,
you little rascal!”

“Yes it is,”
said the old witch.

“I came to make you a pot
of my best homemade brew.”

Now the giant knew
that the old witch
was up to one of her tricks.

But he loved the old witch’s brew
more than anything else.



The giant jumped up
and put a big log on the fire.
Into the pot over the fire
the old witch popped
a little of this
and a bit of that.



She put in:

6 creepy lizards

7 slimy snails

2 fuzzy caterpillars

1 hairy spider

3 big fat grubs.

Just as she was about
to pop an onion in,
the giant hollered,
“STOP!

You know I don't like onions!”
So the old witch put in
a dried rattlesnake tail instead.
“That's better,” said the giant.

Then, as the last thing,
the old witch dumped into the pot
all of the 101 toadstools.
She stirred the brew
this way,
and that way.

The old witch said:

“Snuff and sniff
and take a whiff.”

The giant sniffed the steam.

He licked his chops
and held out his bowl.



The giant could hardly wait
for some of that wonderful brew.

“Wait!” said the witch.

“First it has to cool.

And while it’s getting cool,
you can do something for me.”

The giant groaned.

He knew if he didn’t do
what the old witch said,
she would make
the pot of brew disappear.

So, when the old witch
told him what to do,
off went the giant.



He took big giant steps,
over 3 mountains, past a valley
and across a hill.

Quick as a toad can blink an eye
The giant was back.

Tucked under his arm was . . .
the snoring bear.



When the giant put the bear
in front of the nice warm fire,
he snored louder than ever.

Then the giant gulped down
the whole pot of brew.

“Yum-yum,” he said.

“Ah-ah-hh, that was good!”

In two minutes the giant
was back on his couch
snoring like thunder again.
But the old witch didn't hear
all those snores.
She was already back in her cave.



“Hee-hee-hee,” cackled the witch.

“My brew always works.

No bear can outsmart me.”

The old witch stirred up the fire.

She was tired.

“I think I’ll take a little nap,”

she said.

So the old witch climbed

into her bed.

She pulled the covers up

to her hairy old chin.

In a minute she was sound asleep.

“Snore-snore-snore,”

went the old witch.



The bats ran out.

SNORE.

The rats ran out.

SNORE.

The rocks rattled.





After a while
the old witch woke up.
She felt fine.
“Now,” she said,
“I’ll make a big pot of brew
just in case another bear
finds my cave.”

The old witch made a new fire.
She began to stir her pot.
“This is my cave,”
muttered the old witch.
“I hope no more bears
come in here to sleep.
If there’s one thing
I can’t stand,
it’s snores.”
Then she thought a minute.
She sniffed the air.
“Unless maybe,”
said the old witch,
“it’s SMELLS!”



*If you hear a snore
That's like a roar,
And you freeze in your boots
With a chill,
It's not a bear
That gives you a scare,
It's only the witch of the hill!*







